

VOL. IV-No. 1.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1878.

Price, 10 Cents.

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Puck

PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK

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H. C. BUNNER.....MANAGING EDITOR.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PUCK will hereafter be on Sale in London, at the News Agency of Messrs. HENRY F. GILLIG & CO., 449, Strand, Charing Cross.

PUCK may be had in Saratoga at BRENTANO'S new store, opposite Congress Park.

Americans in Paris, hitherto reduced to "Punch", "Fun" and "Judy", will now find their natural paper on file at the "Herald" Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opéra.

We wish to warn the public, especially Americans sojourning in Europe, against a spurious edition of PUCK, published in London under the title of "The Figaro." Though largely made up from our columns, the contents quoted are badly garbled, and are mixed with some foreign matter which we utterly repudiate. The only genuine edition of PUCK is to be obtained of our authorized agents.

Remittances by Money Order, etc., are to be addressed to KEPFLER & SCHWARZMANN.

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CARTOONS.

STRIKERS.

Cut down, cut down, and then cut down once more!
Ere long the drivers' wages will begin
To bear close likeness to the wages of sin—
The amount of which is a bit of Biblical lore.
When times are hard, and workmen's souls are sore,
Lest the directors' turtle-soup grow thin,
Or his son-and-heir lack a new diamond-pin,
They cut the driver's pay, cut thrice before.
Poor wretches! chilled and bitten to the core,
When the keen winds of Winter are set free:
Or, when the town-bound Summer gasps for breath,
Sweating out strength at every fevered pore.
"Cut down" a little more, and we shall see
A skeleton driver in the pay of Death.

STEWART AND STEWARD.

Hark to the cry grown strong, and growing yet,
Of men that, having cried in vain for bread,
Now cry for—silence, ere the word be said!
Silence! yet look how Hunger's face is set;
Grim with desire of what it cannot get.
Hark! moaning of far-off mouths that must be fed,
Drowning a sound of mourning for the dead,
Where all the South is one vast lazaret!
And now, when lo! Disease and Death are met
The one who out of his abundance can
At his own will do all things—even he
Pays with a trifling Charity's holy debt.
And in his marble tomb a mean dead man
Smiles, rotting, on his meager legatee.

TO D. KEARNEY, ESQ.

O thou who speakest as no man ever spake:
Fresh child of ignorance, nurtured in no school;
Who teachest Etymology's self to pool
Her issues, how shall we a chaplet make
To bind thy brows whose genius could awake
Those matchless phantasms of the Bohemian Ghoul?
The Moon-eyed Leper—the Chicken-Breasted Mule—
The Coat-tail-Clinging Cormorant—and could take
Our souls where, shrined in mystery opaque,
The Hell-hoofed Bondholder baffles human sight,
And the cock-eyed Pelican of Perdition dwells?
From Thersites thou dost bear away the cake—
O double-barreled god of Blatherskite,
Tipped with the sulphur of two dozen Hells!

PUCK'S STANDING CANDIDATE FOR THE MAYORALTY.



We again trot forth Our Candidate for the Mayoralty.

Our object in so-doing is to counteract the undesirable influence of the so-called "Bonner movement," which, we are pained to see, is assuming considerable proportions.

It is not that we have any objections to Mr. Bonner, considered as Mr. Bonner. He is a very excellent man; and, were there no other and stiffer Richmond in the field, we should probably vote for Mr. Bonner for Mayor.

But, we will put the matter to the dispassionate intelligence of a great people—where, where is Mr. Bonner alongside of Mr. Bennett?

Echo answers "Where?" And if echo didn't, we would.

Mr. Bonner can drive a fat horse; he is a good judge of a sensation novel, and he has done society some service in bringing out Sylvanus Cobb.

But where is he on slinging the festive dumbbell? How do his legs look in tights? How long could he hold out in a game of polo? Can he stand on his head?

If Mr. Bonner were able to come to the front, and, with his hand on his heart, give us his word as a gentleman that he is capable of one single simple handspring, we might, even at this date, withdraw our opposition to his nomination.

But we can scarcely hope for this from the editor of the *Ledger*; and we feel more and more a growing conviction that the only hope of the metropolis lies in the one man to whom we may look with the fullest confidence that he will make us what we have never had before, a Truly Athletic Mayor.

We appeal to our various E. C.'s, the *Sun*, the *World*, the *Tribune*, and all others, to cast aside all party considerations, and join with us in upholding the glorious cause of acrobatism in politics. We dare not ask our E. C., the *Herald*, to drown its modesty in the blushes of ingenuous shame, and support the son of its own founder in the political arena. But let all our other friends of the press rally to the standard of the snowy-crested Navarre of Polo.

We trot him out again, with renewed faith in the potent magic of his name; in the phenomenal fascination of his personal appearance. It is true that certain of our Esteemed Contemporaries, lacking somewhat in subtle sympathy with high and noble aims, have drawn invidious comparisons between his portrait and that of our friend the Hon. Mr. Fitznoodle. But we will not think of this. Rally, brethren, to the aforesaid white plume; and be your battle-cry this year—"Polo your issues!"

LATER.—We breathe more freely. Mr. Bonner has finally declined to be a candidate for Mayor. And now J. G. B. is in undisputed possession of the field. Polo your issues!

Puckerings.

EVERY stable is a manufactory.

DIAGONAL vests are much worn.

BEWARE! Honeyed words are often only taffy.

APPROPRIATE food for Eli Perkins—Cracked wit.

A LESSON from a copy-book is learned by wrote.

A BUNION is very painful on the foot—so is a safe.

SAFETY valves—Bivalves, for the next eight months.

"IT stopped when the old man died"—his pension.

WHO will be our next Mayor? Why-er-what's his name?

WHEN things come to the worst, they wear—the ulster (for next winter's use) and are happy.

NO ONE ever accused a Democratic primary of honesty till Ben Butler charged it with dishonesty.

THE bark Isis, from New Orleans, is detained at Quarantine. "Barkis is willin'," but the authorities are not.

"WHITHER thou goest, I ghost," is what Hamlet said to the materialization of his deceased progenitor.

ALTHOUGH ministers are supposed to be truthful men, they seldom fail to give the remains a good notice.

IN a week or two we shall be bounteously blessed with "The melancholy days have come," with variations.

AT a Tammany banquet the waiters can be distinguished from the guests only by the superior fit of their swallow-tail coats.

THE man who gets an apple-pip into the cavity of a decayed tooth, and hasn't a toothpick or a pin handy, is bound to suck seed.

SOME men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some invent a patent medicine, and get their portraits on the fourth page of the *Sun*.

SNIFKINS has been at Long Branch over Sunday, and swears that for freshness it's between the air and the hackmen, with the eggs a long way behind.

PUCK'S ALMANAC. "Why, all my knack at saying and making funny, delicious, delirious things has been used in it. And now prepare to get ready to look out for it"—so says PUCK.

KEARNEY is a maligned man. The lecherous moon-eyed Press incorrectly reports him. "Odi profanum vulgus et poluphloisboio thlasses." Such is his ordinary classical language.

EFFORTS are being made to induce Kearney to go to Montreal. Labor discussions there are very acrimonious, and often last many years. This seems to be the only means by which we can get rid of him.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF WEALTH.

IT was recently the privilege and pleasure of PUCK to expose the hollow pretense of charity and good deeds of that whited sepulchre, Stewart's Working Women's Home. It was, shortly previous, PUCK's pleasant task to show up, in what the *Observer* calls a "most admirable cartoon," the Vanderbilt Will Case.

PUCK does not mention these cartoons for the purpose of sounding his own praises. If he were to do that he would point with entire confidence to all his cartoons in all his numbers, from his very birth. No; we are not compelled to do our own horn-blowing; our "Esteemed Contemporaries" of the press and the great big public do that for us. And we have merely instanced the above cartoons in illustration of the subject in hand.

Within comparatively few years there have arisen among us a few men who by the possession of enormous sums of money have been enabled to control trade, throttle enterprise and crush, if they desired it, all the various smaller interests which make up the general prosperity of the country. In earlier times, when the rich man died, his hand relaxed its grasp on monopolies, and dying, he made no sign (except to his name at the foot of his will) and his property being divided up among his heirs was poured into hundreds of new channels of enterprise.

Then the rich man did some good by dying.

Now "the evil that (rich) men do lives after them."

This is on the authority of the divine William.

In the instance of that very bloated Croesus, Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt; what good have the accumulations of his venerable dad done to the community when intrusted, in the bulk, to the hands of "lying Billy"?

Is the world happier; is trade stimulated; do Art, Science or Literature derive any benefit from his hoards? On the contrary, by his ukase he can in a day cripple any enterprise which depends upon facilities of transportation from the interior to the sea-board; his coarse grain sees not in a dollar its higher and aesthetic possibilities, but views it only as he views the stallion in his stables—the possible engenderer of a long line of future dollars.

And yet (PUCK delights not to make the portrait too black) "W. H. Vanderbilt"—this is quoted from the daily papers—"has given \$500 to the Yellow Fever Sufferers."

He wouldn't drive a horse that didn't cost ten times that sum.

Again. In the case of the recent Stewart. Since this gentleman's decease, Mr. Judge Hilton, outdoing Jeff. Davis, has clad himself in the kerchief and kirtle of an old lady, and has been industriously pulling the strings of her check-book to his own glory and gratification.

What good to humanity did Stewart's money do when its accumulator was alive? Like his idea of charity—"nothing to nobody."

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum," say you? The old grave-yard doctrine of praising a man because—and merely because—he is dead, is, not to put too fine a point upon it, about "played out." Stewart was a hard, grasping, grinding, dollar-worshiping man of iron. He must have had the tender joyousness of a mummy even when a child; and during the course of his commercial career he evinced the same loving appreciation of the possibilities of great wealth for doing good that might be supposed to bloom and blossom in the heart of the toad which some geologist's hammer cracks out of a stone where it had been taking a snooze for a thousand years or so.

Yet when he died it was fondly hoped that his wealth would be put where it would do the most good. On the contrary, the old policy still continues; and, except for the glory and

profit of Judge Hilton, who by some strange freak has got possession of all this wealth, without ever having done anything for it, nothing is expended. He notifies the press that \$48,000 have been spent for marble for a "gorgeous tomb;" that it cost so much to hammer it; that so many millions have been spent on a church—in memoriam A. T. Stewart—that the Woman's Home cost so and so; and gives the number of napkins, and describes the monograms. He establishes a set of rules which are so irresistibly funny that the whole nation laughs; the poor women who had sought the "Home" are held up to ridicule; and when, at last, they have lived down the ridicule and have become accustomed to their lodgings, kicks them out.

Really, it does not seem as if A. T. Stewart himself would have gone quite that far. Yet from all these millions a donation to the Yellow Fever Sufferers is made. Of how much? Whisper!

One thousand dollars.

Or about two cents to each sufferer.

These are but two instances out of what is, at present, happily only the few rich men among us who are striving to found a perpetual aristocracy of wealth; to establish families whose roots are bonds, and whose fruit is dollars; who are—but, look here, PUCK ought to be funny, oughtn't he? Perennially fresh; popping with the exuberance of champagne corks, and bubbling over with sparkles like that pretty tipple, all the time, eh?

But there is a serious side to PUCK, after all. PUCK cannot see the laborer, the skilled mechanic, the working women and girls and boys sufferer, and let his pen and pencil lie idle. Wealth has its duties. This Republic is nothing unless the principle of "live and let live" is adhered to now as in the days of our fathers. The miser is typical of the most despicable of human beings. Tell us, please, in the larger interests of humanity, wherein the holders of Cornelius Vanderbilt's and of A. T. Stewart's wealth are better than the veriest miser history or romance has ever pictured for our disgust? It is this abuse of wealth which created the "riots" last year; that allows the hungry, unemployed but willing-to-work laborer to listen to the incendiary mouthings of Kearney, and has brought upon us the recent railroad strikes in this city.

So, leaving these sober thoughts to be pondered upon, PUCK takes pen, pencil, and portfolio, and starts to put a girdle round about the earth to find some new folly to have a fling at.

BLANK VERSE BY D. KEARNEY.

[English of the Sand-Lot period.]

That lying, hangdog,
lazy, slimy
slabsided, sneaking
bloody-minded
hell-born and
hell bound, loud-
mouthed, crack-
brained, crazy,
empty-headed,
reeking, murderous,
filthy, profane,
redhanded hyena.

Kearney, has determined to return and can-
vass among the

puritanical, white-
livered, thieving
corrupt, leprous,
capitalistic, bond-
holding, rotten,
effete, tuft-
hunting, immoral,
lecherous, moon-eyed,
pie-eating, lantern-
jawed people

of Massachusetts for the election of Butler to
the Governorship of that state.

A LIGHT ON THE HORIZON.

IT is with keen pleasure that we look forward to the return of Mrs. Jenks to the dull world of politics.

We always liked Mrs. Jenks. There was a delicate, arch, feminine piquancy about her lying that somehow captivated our fancy. She had neither the blundering grossness of Webber, nor the annoying audacity of Anderson. She lied like an artist; and she put a super-calendered finish on each individual lie that made it stand out like a diamond in an Ethiop's ear.

When she went, the Congressional committee-rooms seemed cold and bare. We felt that there was no one who could supply her place. We felt then how dear she had become to us. Never before had the sweet reality of Sapphira's existence been so impressed upon our minds. We felt—with throbbing hearts and streaming eyes—that the dear old story was not merely a vague fiction, but a beautiful foreshadowing of a more beautiful truth. Sapphira lived but to make a softly lustrous background to Mrs. Jenks.

And now she is coming back. At least there seems some probability that her brilliantly mendacious genius will once more illuminate with its myriad coruscations the musty gloom of the capitol.

For have we not learned that there exists a plot—it is settled beforehand—a wicked, naughty plot—to bring to the light of day that famous and mysterious epistle, written in that parlor whose number is to-day familiar to the smallest child in this broad land of liberty—the Sherman-Anderson-Webber letter?

There may be no truth in this rumor. Our vast edition sends us to press too early to wait the final developments in the case. But yet there seems to be some glimmer of probability in the matter. Secretary Sherman is already bracing up like one who girdeth his loins for fight, and he appears to be looking around to see where he has left his panoply of Conscious Innocence. In the first place, he never had the pot; in the second place, he sent the jug home intact; in the third place, the kettle was cracked when he got it. They aren't going to produce any letter at all; the letter they are going to produce is a forgery; and he will put an entirely different and perfectly proper interpretation on its contents.

Don't we scent Jenks in the air, in all this? If things have got to this point, may we not look for the feminine hornet of the witness-stand ere dies another reputation? Sherman surely cannot expect to get through all that lying alone. He is but an amateur, and a miserable male amateur at that. He will, most likely, if he essays any rash endeavors "all alone by himself," get stranded on some sixpenny little perjury that would only excite the derision of a competent, skilled professional like Mrs. Jenks. Why, he may even cover himself and the country that bore him, with unending disgrace, by slipping up on some mere equivocation, and going down to oblivion not even decently forsown.

But no! it shall not be. She will come to help him—she, the consummate flower, the perfect blossoming of our political system. She will come, and affairs political will smile again. Once more the tender emanations of feminine influence will soften the rugged Congressman; once more the wearied reporter will breathe freely as the hour for telegraphing the news of the day draws nigh; once more the saddened public will see in its daily journals the roseate gleams of mingling wit and mendacity, instead of the jaundiced yellow of the Memphis dispatches.

Come back, come back, O fair one; for, sweetest Agnes, believe us, oh, believe us, we have missed you.

TO A GOBBLER.

MAJESTIC bird, that with such stately grace
Perambulates the barnyard suburbs, and
While slowly stepping, let your tail expand,
A feathery glory in a fragrant place;
How calm and lordly is your kingly pace;
With what judicial firmness you can stand
And criticise the people of the land,
And see the chanticleer his bevy chase.
Not any such frivolity is yours;
One note sonorous calls your ladies near,
No matter in what paths their footsteps stray.
Yours is a reign that firmly set endures,
From morn when roses bring us perfumed cheer,
Until your fragrance fills thanksgiving day.

THOS. S. COLLIER.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.



NO. LIV.
NEWPORT AGAIN.

Ya-as, I believe last ye-ah I aw wote something about Newport, and, although it's quite a respectable place, I weally didn't think I should evah go there again; but, yer know, there's a

Fwench pwoverb which says something about one fellow pwoposing and anothah fellow disposing.

It appears that a gweat deal—at least for Amerwica—was going on at Newport; which aw waterg-place, Jack Carnegie says, is situated in Whode Island. I believe this aw name is derived from the Colossus of Whodes, some old-fashioned figgah made of bwass, which was erected somewhere in the Mediterwanean.

Amerwicans are verwy fond of giving such widiculous names to all their towns and villages; the more it is unlike the orwiginal place in historwy, so much the bettah. That is the weason a village with about half a street in it is called Wome or Parwis. Jack thinks these things in this country go by the wule of contwarwies. Aw, but I must say these wemarks haven't aw a gweat deal to do with aw Newport and its surwoundings.

Two fellows, said to be wich Amerwicans, who wemain he-ah two or thrwee months in the ye-ah—the aw season—were verwy desirous that Jack and I should honor Newport with our pwesence, and offered us wooms in their cotages.

I'm nevah verwy ready to go in for this sort of thing in Amerwica, because Amerwican fellaws with a gweat many gweenbacks, although they wather like to have gentlemen—I mean of course Englishmen—staying in their houses, no doubt think they are doing us a twemendous favah, even when Jack and I accepted the aw invitation, which they fwightfully pwessed. I'm not such an ass as not to know that everwything costs money everwywhere; but I weally nevah bothah myself about such mattahs aw. But Jack says although Amerwicans are fwquently extwagant—outwageously and vulgarly, yer know—still they always reckon the pwecise cost, after wall. When a fellow in England is asked to stay at a countwy house, he knows it's all wight; and he need not we-turn the aw compliment unless he aw pleases aw.

Don't suppose fellaws expect Jack and me to wecipwocate the hospitality—which we shall aw; but they would aw if they didn't know that Jack and I were bettah bwed fellaws than they, and, as they call us, English arwistocwats; which, verwy pwoperly, Amerwican fellaws think quite the pwoper fellaws to associate

with, and the Amerwican girls to marwy, if they can manage to aw catch them: just as my fwied aw what's his name—used to be in same weginent as Jack, yer know—marwid a not bad-looking girl, daughter of, I believe, quite a wespectable wetired innkeeper. Aw they're he-ah now; just arwived fwom Eurwope. Aw I wemember the Pwince and severwal of our set were at the wedding. They are a verwy good pair; but I don't think I shall aw encourage, and can't say that I appwove of, the pwactice of this weppublican and Bwitish intermarwiage. Although, 'pon my soul, as I've wemarked on severwal pwvious occasions, some of the Amerwican girls are weally quite awfully pwetty; and it's not stwange, unless a fellow bwings his bwain to bear on the subject, that English fellaws do get spoons and marwy some of them.

At pwesent there is some considerwable excitement because two or thrwee of our men-of-war are aw widing at anchor he-ah.

Jack and I know severwal fellaws on the Bellerwophon; and, by the way aw, the Admiraw and Captain, and aw the Captain of Marween Arwillerwy, are quite old fwends of mine. They all know aw my young bwothah Fwed, who's in the Mediterwanean with the fleet there. We've awleady dined with Inglefield, and have a ward-woom dinnah aboard for tomorwow night aw.

THE "HERALD'S" LATEST NOMINATION.

WE have the greatest respect for our "esteemed contemporary," the New York *Ledger*, and its most brilliant, enterprising and able editor, Mr. Robert Bonner. We rejoiced in the *Herald's* proposal that he should be our next Mayor. We felt confidence in his executive ability, his lofty ideas of the duties of citizenship, and the credit he would do the office.

But when the *Herald* suggests that Mr. John Kelly should order Tammany to nominate Mr. Bonner for the Mayoralty, we confess that we tremble. We do not fear for Mr. Bonner personally. We have no idea that he would use the City Hall plaza for an exercising ground for Dexter and the other speeders—three times around the fountain for the half-mile. Nor do we believe he would receive foreign delegations in a trotting sulky. Such little harlequinades went out of office with the late-lamented Oakey Hall.

But the power of Tammany is great; and, should Mr. Bonner accept Mr. Kelly's nomination, he would, in spite of himself, be forced to render certain favors in the way of patronage to the party nominating and electing him.

These favors would be rendered in various ways—in office, in emoluments, and in honors.

In honors, for instance, how would it look if the whole first page of the *Herald* shone thus in three-line paragraphs?—

TERENCE MUDLOON, Tammany Sachem; also Wines, Liquors and Ales, 333 Avenue Q, writes only for the NEW YORK LEDGER.

Or, in case the high-toned and Tupperesque *Tribune* was speckled through its editorial pages with little notices:

Read "Pauden and the Pig," by Michael McConologue, Wiskinski of Tammany, who writes only for the NEW YORK LEDGER.

The *Ledger* has not yet gone in for boys' and girls' stories of pirates, boy-burglars and the like. And we don't believe it ever will. And PUCK, who wages an unrelenting warfare on that sort of periodical literature, rejoices therat. But in case Mr. Bonner should put himself in the power of Tammany—the contingency is too horrible to think of!

Later: We breathe again. We are informed, on good authority, that Mr. Bonner will not accept a nomination from Tammany Hall.

POETRY AND POLITICS.

NEW YORK, August 28, 1878.

SIR—A meeting of the members of the General Committee of your Assembly district will be held in Tammany Hall on Tuesday, September 3, at eight P. M. Retruns of the subscriptions obtained for the New York STAR by each member will be received on that evening.

JOHN KELLY.

EDITOR PUCK:

Sir—The above notification, with the following verses written on the reverse side of the same card, was picked up in the Comptroller's office on the 2d inst.:

OH, wwhat is the proudest aim in loife,
Ond fwhat pays best in the ind?
Ond how, barrin' trade's vulgar stroife,
Kin yez git the most money to spind?
To be sure it's be houlding offis,
Ond gittin' fwhat jobs there are;
Ond how is it done, ye novice,
But be houldin' stock in the *Star*?

So now thin listen to me,
All Dimmycrats grate and small,
If yez want to jine the Alderman,
Ond sit in the City Hall,
If yez want the Mayoralty
Or the Tax Commissionership,
Or a clarkship in the Departmint,
Or any place under my whip,
A thousand-dollar subscription
Will make you me bosom frind;
And half the above—no deciptio—
Will stand yez well in the ind.
This takin' six copies is played,
Exceptin' for firemen or cops—
Unless a big stake is paid,
The *Star* and my friendship stops.

Yez can't put no depindince
On the murtherin' heretic press.
There's PUCK wid its onfeelin' pictures,
Ond the *Sun* ond the *Hrrruld*—bad cess!
The *Wurrruld*'s full of shlanderin' strictures,
Ond ye'd best not believe what it says.
Thin I must hev an organ
To spread me views far;
So if yez want favors—
Subscribe to the *Star*.
J. K.

Is it possible that Mr. John Kelly is a poet, like Mayor Ely? Perish the thought! With this for an example, we shall have the proceedings of the Board of Estimate set forth in rhyme; the Aldermen will harangue each other about the "increse of the furrin ilimint," and the advisability of permitting a swinging sign in E. 11th Street in measured lines; the Park Commissioners will employ none but poets to trim the shrubs and level the walks in the public squares, and the *City Record*, the *Star* and the *Express* will become daily marvels of poesy, in long or short metre—however J. K. may determine.

Respectfully,
PHIL. FULLER.

SUMMER lingers with us now like a dream of love. It seems like something that was too sweet to last. At least it will seem so in about a month to the average youth, when he discovers that his heavy underwear has been worked into rag-carpet.

An exchange mentions the fact that some one has discovered a way of making horseshoes of felt. Well, we don't care if they do use felt for horseshoes; we shan't kick until we hear of felt being used as an ingredient of lobster-salad.

A BAD MEMORY FOR FACES.



1. "Hello! I know that girl. Strange, now, I can't remember her name."



2. "And yet her face is very familiar to me. I've seen her somewhere. Ah, I know now—on the stage. It's Clara Morris—no, Rose Eytine."



3. "'Tisn't, though. And now she's looking round. I'd better pretend to be taking out my watch. Don't want to seem to stare."



4. "Oh, by Jove, I have it! She's the girl at the necktie-counter at Macy's. I'll speak to her!"



5. "Thunder and Mars! She isn't—anything of the kind! I've made a mull of it."



6. "I ought to apologize, I suppose. Ought I or oughtn't I? And what am I going to say? I'm sure I've seen her before, too; and she looks as if she knew me."



7. "I will apologize. 'Madam, believe me, that if I have in any way, unintentionally—'"



8. "She won't have it. Oh, if I could only think of her name! Ah, she's turning away—she's going in that house."



9. "'Madam!'—no use; she's gone in. Let's see whose house it is. What! Old Smith's—the father of the girl I'm engaged to! No—impossible! And yet—I thought I knew her. Eliza Smith! Oh, I'm gone up forever! Eliza! ELIZA! O, ELIZA!"
Left so.

PUCK.

MIXED POESIES.

FORTITUDE.

A braver man I never met,
Nor one more famed for fortitude,
Take snuff or dip he never would,
Nor smoke cigars or pipes, and yet
Tobacco was his forte—he chewed.

TRIOLETS.

Though triolets seem to be tough,
And rondels certainly tougher,
Some rhymester, perhaps up to snuff—
Though triolets seem to be tough—
May muster up courage enough
To write them and mentally suffer,
Though triolets seem to be tough,
And rondels certainly tougher.

A SONG FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

The pirate reclined in his easy chair,
And lazily sucked his thumb,
And sung to a monochromatical air
An algebraical sum.

The noise he made awakened the crew—
Although the pirate was dumb;
So they all sat down in the family pew,
And chewed the pragmatalical gum.

The pirate was mad, and a random spark
Shot out of his burning eyes,
It exploded the safe on the rover's bark,
And blew him far up in the skies.

W. M. L.

A YOUNG DON JUAN.

HE sat with the friend of his heart in a Broadway café.
Not having been paid for a puff, we do not name the café.

A young lady, beautiful as the morn, passes by the open window. He smiles at her. She fails to smile back. But that is a minor detail.

"What!" cries his friend; "you don't mean to say you know her!"

"I do, me boy."

"No—you don't mean to say so! Know her well? How long?"

"It is not one month and three days since I touched for the first time that exquisite soft white hand."

"Well, you are in luck, old fellow!"

"I am—I am!" he said, with solemnity.

"And how was it? Tell me all about it."

Pause for deliberation. Then he speaks, slowly and with effect:

"It was in the Madison Avenue stage." He pauses and adjusts his collar. "She passed me a ten-cent piece, and I put it in the box."

"Is that all?"

"No, my dear boy! Would it were." (Pauses once more to pull down his cuffs.) "Must I own it?" (Pauses and shoots his cuffs again.) "There was one night when—" (Another pause, and more cuff-shooting.) "There were some moments passed with her—that I, at least, shall never forget—never, never! Would they could have lasted for all time!"

"How—when—where?" gasps his friend, breathless with interest, leaning eagerly across the table.

"I was coming back—" (there is a sombre impressiveness in his voice)—"from Harlem—in a Third Avenue car. She was there also."

"You were alone with her?"

"Oh, no. There were eleven other people."

"Well?"

"Well!"

There was silence for a moment. Then his friend stretched forth his hand across the table, and they shook.

With clasped hands and averted faces they sat for a few seconds, until his friend spoke:

"This must go no further!"

"Alas!" he answered, despairingly, "you are right."

"It must end *here!*" said with stern emphasis the true and faithful friend.

"It shall." There were tears in his voice. "Heavens, it is hard!" he murmured.

And there are lots like them.

BRELOQUE.

UTOPIA.

TIS pretty sure that Utopia is nearing us in the eternal fitness of things, or that we are nearing Utopia.

It is all the same. It is only necessary for people to know what Utopia is, so they will recognize it when they see it. Utopia may be said to be the perfection of the social fabric; and if the reader will only keep his eyes and ears open, he will soon recognize the fact, from some of the distinguishing marks herein below given, that, really and truly, Utopia has emigrated into our blessed and happy land.

When the grocer says, "Jacob, sift the sand out of Mrs. Brown's sugar; and, now, now, Jacob, don't give those eggs to Mrs. Steppan-fetchit—I really believe they're a leetle musty."

When the dry-goods man interferes and says to the dishonest salesman, "Stop, sir! No, madam, those calicoes will *not* wash. I shall immediately destroy them, lest some mother-of-children should buy them and grieve thereat."

When Congress adjourns for two years.

When Tammany adjourns forever.

When the Sun gives the news and "lets up" on G. F. T., G. the Count J., D. R. S. *et id genus omne.*

When long "long runs" cease at theatres; and all theatres are really *variety* theatres.

When the female Hebe at our dairy lunch doesn't wear musk; but goes in for soap and much water.

When the street-boy ceases to play kite-string around our new fall hats; and the street-musician blows himself out in a final farewell to a last "Sweet Bye-and-Bye."

When the street-car conductor no longer says to feeble old ladies, "Lively now!" and giveth her a dig in the ribs.

When car-companies treat their men half as mercifully as their horses.

When Grant declines.

When Beecher confesses.

When PUCK is published daily.

These are sure signs of Utopia. Look out for them; and when you see them, be certain that Utopia is here.

E. S. L.

AWFUL POSSIBILITIES OF THE "BANG."



It is not beautiful; but it may be useful as producing a reign of silence among the fair one—set a lock over their lips, you know—eh?

THE GREENBACK REFUGE.

JUST at present the tendency of the politicians is towards the Greenback camp. We use the word "camp" by courtesy, as it would perhaps be somewhat of an exaggeration to dub a handful of stragglers by that name. All the virtue, honor, sincerity, devotion to public interests, and general stability of officials, is to be found enrolled under the new banner of "More Greenbacks."

The cry, it must be admitted, is a taking one. It has taken many leaders whose principles were adjudged strong into the new fold. Of course everyone knows that the Greenback organization contains within its ranks everyone which any party would think worth having. D. Kearney has told us this, and what he don't know about politics few of us would live long enough to learn.

It is strange, nevertheless, with what avidity and unanimity the patriots repelled from office gravitate constantly to new parties. One day they are workingmen, with the dust of manual effort upon them. At another they are Greenback theorists. Again we see them as friends of the people, aiming to give employment to everybody. Then they are taxpayers beseeching retrenchment, or reformers demanding change. At all times, however, they are politicians, and this character is so evident that they would be recognized, even when in the Greenback refuge.

DRESS AND UNDRESS.



"May I have the pleasure of—er—the next waltz?"

"But—excuse me, sir—you—you are not dressed."

"Pardon me, madam—is that considered an objection?"

MEN—the lords of creation—smile derisively when they hear women speak of spring bonnets or kindred wear. But they offer no apology in responding regularly to such a call as the following:

"Minsink Tribe, No. 28, I. O. of Red Men. Council fire every third sleep of every seven suns, at the eighth run from the first sleep of the Plant Moon to the last sleep of the Traveling Moon, and at the seventh run and thirtieth breath of the remainder of the Great Sun, at Conner's Hall, Front Street. Richard Hartigan, Sachem; Charles Van Dickie, C. of R."

THE PARAGRAPPHONE.

PROF. EDISON'S MASTERPIECE.

JUPON arriving at Menlo Park, your reporter found the residence of Mr. Edison besieged by several hundred persons, and the front-door guarded by two cross dogs and a man with a shot-gun. These precautions are necessary. The great inventor has so many visitors daily that, in order to give audience to them all, he would be obliged to invent a day containing eighty-seven hours. He could easily enough invent such a day, but he doesn't think there would be much demand for it, unless it could be substituted for Sunday.

With a dexterous hand I flirted my card in an open window. The magic name of Puck proved an "open sesame." Mr. Edison greeted me cordially. He said it did him much proud to grasp the hand of a representative of America's first successful comic weekly. The report that the author of the Phonograph evolves twenty-nine new inventions every morning, before breakfast, is a stab at truth. He doesn't turn out over ten.

"I am terribly annoyed by visitors," he observed, gazing through the window at the throng outside. "I have been so frequently interrupted since morning that I have only completed six new inventions, and now it is nearly ten o'clock."

On shelves and tables were many curious contrivances, the children of Mr. Edison's scientific brain. Seeing the interrogation-points in my eye, the inventor called off the names of the various instruments, and explained the workings and merits of each.

"This," he said, picking up a little instrument, "is a Mosquitophone, designed to fill a long-felt want. I simply charge it with electricity, turn the crank, and streaks of forked lightning shoot out of these little holes you see here, and paralyze every mosquito in the room. I have large orders to fill for the summer resorts next season. And here," taking up another little instrument, "is a Somnophone, invented for the especial benefit of lovers. A young man, when he goes to see his girl, carries a Somnophone in his coat-tail pocket, and should the old folks manifest a disposition to hang around in the parlor until ten o'clock, he slyly removes this simple contrivance from his pocket, aims it alternately at the old folks, at the same time touching a spring in the bottom here, and in less than two minutes the paternal parent will commence to yawn and nod, and pretty soon will say to his better-half: 'Gracious, Martha! I'm so sleepy, I can't keep my eyes open.' And Martha will reply: 'So'm I, Ephraim. I guess we'd better go to bed.' And they go—while the daughter reposes her head on the young man's shirt-front, and in less than five minutes they are engaged in a warm discussion about Grant's prospects for a third term—or something that way."

"But here," he continued, "is what I consider my masterpiece. I call it a Paragraphone, and you will have to admit that it knocks all other inventions into the gloaming. Humorous paragraphing will now be made easy, and an editor may be as dry and dull as a bank-note detector, and yet be able to run his humorous column. He simply cuts out, at random, a handful or two of items, and runs them through the Paragraphone. I have here a lot of clippings for experiment, and I will now show you how the machine works. Here is an item stating that a compositor has just been released from prison after serving two terms of five years each. I place it in the Paragraphone—so; give the crank a couple of turns—so; and here you have the item converted into what is called a humorous paragraph."

And, handing me a strip of paper, which was

unwound from a cylinder in the machine, I read as follows:

"A compositor employed in the office of the Oshkosh Bugle has served two terms, of five years each, in the penitentiary. The foreman gives him all of Secretary Evarts's speeches to set up, because he is used to long sentences."

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed. "Yes," said Edison, "and a boy six years old can operate it. Now," he went on, "here is another item, relating how a young lady created a sensation at a camp-meeting by rising and asking to be prayed for, on account of her feelings towards young men. I simply place it in the machine, revolve the handle, and here you have another funny item."

And, impressed upon the paper which issued from the Paragraphone, I read this specimen of American humor:

"A young lady, at a camp-meeting, asked to be prayed for, 'because she could not set her eyes on a young man without feeling that she must hug him to death.' But the young men in the neighborhood were not a bit scared. The girl was young and pretty, and dozens of young men wrote her that their office-hours were from 7 A.M. to 9 P.M., that they were strong advocates of capital punishment, and she might set her eyes on 'em ten times a day. And one young man added that his life was insured for \$20,000 anyhow, and he yearned to be hugged to death by a pretty girl."

"Every editor will want one of these machines," said Edison. "He could clip out a drawer full of items, instruct the 'devil' to feed in and grind out a dozen or two for each issue of the paper, and then start for Europe to look after the fortune of \$500,000 left him by a rich uncle, or spend the summer at Long Branch, with the satisfactory and comforting assurance of having his column of original humor kept up to the standard during his absence. Now I will give you one more example. This item says the Piute Indians stone their medicine-men to death when they fail to cure their patients. We'll see what the Paragraphone evolves from this."

And Mr. Edison dropped the clipping in the trapper, turned the crank, and perpetrated this awful thing:

"The Piute Indians stone their medicine-men to death in case they fail to cure their patients. If our medical colleges continue to graduate thousands of pillers of society annually, the Piute mode of treating doctors will have to be adopted in civilized communities, to prevent an over-production of the medical fraternity—and of graveyards, also."

"A perfect marvel!" I exclaimed, in amazement. "The machine is intelligent enough to vote, and should be elected to Congress."

"I wouldn't have it disgraced," replied the inventor, handing the instrument over to me, with the request to give it a trial.

I selected and dropped into the hopper an item about a coverlet containing thousands of stitches, all done by hand, being exhibited at a recent fair. Gently turning the crank, I ground out this bit of alleged humor:

"At a recent fair, a knit coverlet, containing over 777,200 stitches, all knit by hand, was exhibited.—*Ex.* Unless this coverlet was the work of that old lady of 98 years, who does such trifles without the aid of ear-trumpets and spectacles, there is nothing very remarkable about it. We have frequently cut two cords of hickory wood, and written a two-column editorial on the 'Result of the Berlin Peace Congress' of a morning, while our wife commenced and finished a coverlet containing 2,009,672 stitches. By this time the servant had breakfast ready."

That was not so bad for a first trial; and Mr. Edison said as long as I had strength to turn the crank, I could grind out six columns of such "humes" per day.

"Now try another," he suggested; and I selected a slip about a dead man coming to life the day before the funeral. Dropping it into the bowels of the Paragraphone, I churned out this frightful stuff:

"A Brookville dead man came to California has 16,000 children under life the day before 15. What a ridiculous funeral.—*Ex.* He was a very thoughtful assertion. California nor any other corpse. Had he waited until the State can get 16,000 children day after the funeral under 15—unless to come to the fifteen boys and girls one life, he would have made ten thousand feet around a fatal mistake the waist."

"Why—say—look here! What sort of nonsense is this?" I exclaimed, upon reading the foregoing. "Is the machine intoxicated? This last paragraph is about as lucid as a joke in a London comic weekly, and it reads like a dispatch from Louisiana concerning the Presidential muddle."

Mr. Edison read the paragraph, turned the machine upside-down, gazed intently into the hopper, and then exploded in a fit of laughter.

"Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! Here's the best joke yet. You have dropped two items into the Paragraphone, and they have come out terribly mixed."

Then he rescued the slips, dropped in one at a time, and ground out the paragraphs separately, as follows:

"A Brookville dead man came to life the day before the funeral. He was a very thoughtful corpse. Had he waited until the day after the funeral to come to life, he would have made a fatal mistake."

"California has 16,000 children under 15.—*Ex.* What a ridiculous assertion! California nor any other State can get 16,000 children under 15—unless the fifteen are fat boys and girls measuring ten thousand feet around the waist."

"There!" said Edison, with a smile of triumph, "you have the paragraphs unmixed. The machine can't make a mistake if you feed it correctly."

I asked him the price of a Paragraphone. He said he had not yet fully decided to put them on the market. He would probably secure a contract to furnish all the papers in America with humorous paragraphs. If he decided to manufacture the little wonder for sale, he said, the price would be about one thousand dollars apiece.

"That is very reasonable," I assented; "every paragrapher in the land will purchase one. If you will attach to each machine a sort of Kick-iphone arrangement—a contrivance that will kick the intelligent compositor down-stairs, out of the back door, and around the next corner, when he knocks all the true inwardness out of the paragraphist's joke by misspelling two or three words, or interpolates words not to be found in any dictionary under the sun, you may send me two, C. O. D."

He said he would.
Then I left.

W.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

B. F. B. to D. K.

O, Kearney!
Why, blarney
The workingmen so?
Don't you know Massachusetts
Will certainly choose its
Next Man from the high—not the low?

This beastly profanity
Is clearly insanity,
"Tis only your personal vanity!
No hand, soft or horny,
Will ever applaud it,
Or vote, e'er award it—
Unless in your own California.

You use slang! Then slang you'll have re'lly;
"O, pull down your vest!"
Or, to quote from the late Horace Greeley,
O, git up and git, an' go West!

E. S. L.



THE ABUSE OF WEALTH WHICH CR...



"Here, John Brown, take this to the Niggers South. It costs so much to build fancy Churches and Tombs that, really, I cannot possibly afford more."

THE THEATRES.

THE PARK.

THERE is very little to be said about Mr. Bronson Howard's "Hurricanes," produced last week at this house. It is a commonplace trifle in conception and execution. The idea is one dear to the hearts of French vaudeville writers since time immemorial; and much more cleverly handled—since Mr. Howard's play was written—by the authors of "Pink Dominos," "Life," and "Forbidden Fruit." But of the modest little one-act comedietta which preceded it there is a great deal to be said, and we only wish we had space to say it. In "Old Love-Letters" Mr. Howard has shown that he has both art and heart. To achieve such a success in the construction of what may be called the sonnet of dramatic writing, shows Mr. Howard to be a man of greater powers and the possessor of more skill and more genuine artistic instinct than most people have hitherto supposed. An author who can conquer the subtle difficulties of the French *proverbe* can write a five-act comedy. Mr. Howard has really done something in his "Old Love-Letters" towards instilling a little material vitality into that sickly and uneasy Ghost, the Great American Drama. The two pieces were, in the main, very well played. Mrs. Agnes Booth, careful, clever and conscientious as ever, carried off nearly all the laurels in both. What few were left were captured by Mrs. Gilbert, who added a new portrait to her gallery of mothers-in-law. Nobody was actually bad, although one young gentleman from Philadelphia, who got himself up in an unspeakable brown suit, seemed to be trying to attain that end. But even in his case it was his coat, rather than his impersonation, that merited opprobrium.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

MARY ANDERSON has a fine voice. This would forever bar her out from an opera company.

WANT of space obliges us to hold over a review of Miss Anderson's performances at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

SOMEONE says that the "Wreck Ashore" is to be revived in Philadelphia, superseding in popular feeling "My Grandfather's Clock."

JOE EMMET is delighting the Brooklynites with "Fritz." It may be inferred from this that the Brooklynites are very easily delighted.

DEN. THOMPSON has been doing *Joshua Whitcomb* at the Lyceum, with a country air blown all around it. It is rich in component parts.

MARIE GORDON intends playing "That Lass o' Lowries" this season. It is hers by right, she claims, and she will make it hers by performance, she anticipates.

ON Monday evening *M'liss*, in the person of Annie Pixley, the buxom heroine from the glorious climate of California, emerged at the Grand Opera House. American Drama is given at fifty cents.

WILHELMJ is coming. He is said to be a fine player, which will speedily remove the deep-rooted popular prejudice against a man who puts the j of his name behind instead of in front. He is a foreigner.

"OLIVIA" still holds out at the Union Square, and Miss Davenport is seen nightly (and Saturday afternoons) as the good Vicar's erring daughter. We wish the audience were as easily reconciled to *Squire Thornhill* as the *Parson* is. Mr. Chas. A. Stevenson plays it.

It seems like old times to have the San Francisco Minstrels again among us, and also

evokes the following pertinent inquiry: Why are the New York Minstrels called the San Franciscos, and why, as in the case of Emerson's, were the minstrels in San Francisco called "the great New York organization"?

"INGOMAR" has disappeared from the horizon of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and the "Hunchback" has succeeded it. The report that Sheridan Knowles wrote out the designs of the costumes of *Julia* for Miss Anderson is probably an exaggeration. He wrote them for Fanny Kemble, with the understanding that Mary Anderson should have second turn.

"JENNY" WARD is now playing at Booth's the rôle of the lugubrious *Miss Jane Shore*, a young London lady of plebeian condition, who forsook her home and friends in Cheapside to take a position at court. Miss Ward will next be seen in the rôle of *Queen Katherine* in "Henry VIII." It may perhaps as well be stated that the snow scene in "Jane Shore" is of unique design and very timely.

AND from all parts of the town go up in unison the echoes of the variety theatres. And now "Pretty as a Picture," and now the "Sweet Bye and Bye" is wafted on the breeze. And presently will be heard the festive German song-and-dance, or Ethiopian howlings, or serio-comic cantations, not to say can-can. Truly there is no discount on the variety theatres, though too much of a good thing is undesirable.

LITERARY NOTES.

— THE *Cornhill* would seem to be the best magazine for cereals.

— A CERTAIN reverend Abbott has brought forth a book called "How to Parse," and yet by religion he is not a Parsee.

— A NEW magazine has just been founded in London called *The Theatre*. From the name we should imagine that it never need lack papers.

— MISS FANNY DAVENPORT has devoted much time in London to the study of law, and is about to publish "A Few Observations about Wills."

— THERE are three kinds of critics—good critics, bad critics, and the critic who does the monthly article on "American Literature" in the *Saturday Review*.

— C. S. CLARKE, JR., of Jersey City, will publish, about Nov. 1st, a volume of humorously sketches by R. K. Munkittrick, superbly illustrated by V. L. Kingsbury.

— MR. GEO. AUGUSTUS SALA contributes a weekly column of gossip to the *Illustrated London News*, which he is courageous enough to sign with his qualifying initials.

— A BOOK has been published not long ago called "Shakspere and his School." Now as Shakspere did not know how to spell his own name, the least said about his school the better.

— PROF. NEWCOMB calls his book "Popular Astronomy." What is really needed to make astronomy popular in a country town is to have a girl's school started in a building without curtains.

— MR. E. HARVIER, of 12 Union Square, has taken the agency for Messrs. Wheat & Cornett's "Standard Drama," in which series "les Fourchambault" of Emile Augier, has just been published.

— A WARLIKE Guerrier has called a book of poems "Pipes of Corn." Now a good corn-cob pipe is a soothing thing for a poetic intellect, and we like to see a poetic warrior confess the source of his inspiration.

— MR. BYRON is about to bring out a new play at the Haymarket in London called

"Conscience-Money." And it will be a good play if it is half as good as either of the two plays whose titles it combines.

— FEW people appreciate the real difficulties of the literary man's labors. It is no easy thing to sit up in a sixth story on a hot summer day and write stirring articles on the advantages of New York as a summer resort.

— LONDON is the name of an English weekly paper which we should be glad to see more popular in New York. It commands the services of a ballade-monger who rhymes a ronde or versifies a villanelle with vigorous versatility.

— MRS. FANNY HODGSON BURNETT'S "Kathleen," though merely a slight magazine story, vastly inferior to "That Lass o' Lowries," has yet proved a very popular book this summer, and Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Sons still report large sales.

— A MAN in England has written a book on "Dr. Johnson and His Friends." This shows the ignorance of the English. The author of Johnson's Contradictionary—as Hood put it—used his friends as butts to practice at with long-range-large-bore sarcasm.

— MR. MCPHERSON has published his new "Handbook of Politics for 1878." We had always supposed that in 1878, or in any other year, a dictionary, or a cyclopedia, or at least a directory, was the most useful book to have at hand when the debate becomes animated.

— IT does not need a microscope to see that the London *Times* knows little or nought about science. In a recent editorial it confounds the telephone and the phonograph. Hereafter it is to be hoped that its remarks on scientific subjects will only be audible through the microphone.

— WE have received from Messrs. Morrison, Richardson & Co., 23 Dey Street, "The History of Coney Island, by J. F. Eaton, from its discovery in 4, 11, 44 down to last night, in rhyme, profusely illustrated with maps and sketches in water colors, drawings of beer, and many dry cuts." For further particulars purchase the book. Price, 20 cents.

— PETERSON has published "Mme. Pompadour's Garter," by Gabrielle St. André, an ingeniously-constructed story of love and intrigue in the days of Louis XV. There is a good deal of clever work in the book, and the author exhibits some dramatic feeling. History is handled with a decidedly free-and-easy touch; but the reader can scarcely complain, for the sacrifice of strict accuracy is unquestionably a gain in picturesqueness and interest.

— MANY books continue to be published for the benefit of missionaries. This seems a wholly unnecessary expense since the recent development of science. It ought not to be necessary any longer to send living missionaries to any cannibal country. Let the missionaries, after talking their arguments into a phonograph here, be killed and canned. Surely the expense of exporting the phonograph and the canned missionaries would be less than that of sending out the missionary alive—and the effect on the soul and body of the heathen would be as good.

Answers for the Anxious.

TROTTER.—Trot!

HASELTINE.—She knows better.

HIMALAYA.—You ought, mountainously speaking, to take a tumble. No respectable range of hills, like the Rockies, say, or the Alleghanies, would write paragraphs like those.

X. X. P.—We aren't using centipede verse at present; and every line of your "Song of Autumn" has more feet than this paper can accommodate. Try to pool your metrical issues, young man.

AN ENGLISHMAN ON AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION.

IT is not generally known that Sir John Lubbock, whose studies of the habits of ants have made him famous, is equally well informed about mosquitoes.

"You see," said the Baronet in his last lecture, "I knew nothing about mosquitoes until my studies took me to New Jersey. There I found that the people of the bay-shore—as well as of Staten Island—utilize these insects. When their children stay out late at night, the parents rise early, and follow the paths the young people made in passing through the air in the streets—the atmosphere being thick with mosquitoes—and thus trace them back to the saloons or residences in which they spent the night. Burglars and erring husbands are tracked in the same way."

"These mosquitoes are very small, and are only able to produce one or two notes of music. They fly in great swarms, and are found in greater numbers where there are nettings in the windows than in unprotected houses. It has been noticed that they worked by twos; one sings around the victim's head while the other pierces the sheets and night-clothes and feasts upon the sufferer's thigh or calf. When the feaster has had a meal he sings, and the hungry one feasts."

By the water's edge, between Pamrapo and Bayonne, the Baronet, while hunting, was attacked by a ferocious long-billed bird, into which he emptied four barrels of a navy-revolver. It sang an operatic air while dying. The astonished naturalist brought it to the nearest town, and there learned that it was an ordinary Seven-Octave Swamp Mosquito (*Gal-tinipper Americanus*). He had it put on ice, and would have embalmed it, but that night he became more familiar with the insect.

It seems that eight of these intelligent creatures had found themselves shut out of a slaughter-house where they usually took supper, and learning that a plump and rosy Englishman (Sir John Lubbock) was stopping at the hotel, they broke down his window-nettings, and as he was awakened by their noise, endeavored to lull him to sleep with a concert of simple nursery songs, such as:

"Fee-fi-fo-fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman."

Anxious to learn as much as possible, he lay still while they sucked almost dry the exposed upper side of his body. He says that the interesting creatures acted in unison, "though without the guidance of any one individual mind;"* for by-and-by they sang out: "One-two-three, over he goes;" and over he went, and they emptied his veins on the other side.

Sir John Lubbock says that a friend who slept in the adjoining room was killed by another band of these knowing insects, who carried the dead body of their victim out of the open window to the water-side, and threw him in, leaving his hat and one shoe on the shore just above high-water mark. The learned Baronet says he does not doubt that the hundreds of cases of hat and coat finding on the Bay-shore that fill the newspapers every year are accounted for in the same way.

P. F.

In another room, on a broken-down sofa-bed, lay a woman with a six-months-old baby in her arms. A rickety chair was the only other article in the room. There was a cupboard, but it was empty, and the poor woman and the baby were evidently starving.—*N. Y. Herald*.

This is scarcely a subject for jesting, but we cannot resist the temptation to remark that this is evidently a case of "sofa and no fodder."

* Sir John's little rap at John Kelly.

THE LOST DIAMONDS.

ONE of the jolliest fellows on the tolerably long list of my acquaintance is Charles Filby; and though the wrong side of sixty as to age, he yet is as genial and lively as many young men I wot of—livelier, in point of fact. I was seated with him after dinner, a few evenings since, enjoying the fragrant weed in perhaps as lovely a little retreat as the eye could possibly wish to behold—namely a Devonshire garden; and noting my friend's brows, during a lull in our pleasant chat, become suddenly clouded, I offered him the meagre sum of a penny for his thoughts.

"You shall have them free, gratis, for nothing, my boy," was the rejoinder. "Well, then, I was thinking of my lost diamonds, and moreover what a capital present the like would make for your 'Darling Flossy' on her wedding morn. Wouldn't her bright eyes sparkle, eh? Between you and me, Percy (and this is in strict confidence), she may—I say she *may* have such a present, in spite of my long-ago misfortune. I think the thing by no means impossible. But I won't say who the donor will be. O dear, no! Not by any means!"

"You're a good fellow, Filby. Age hasn't robbed you of warmth of heart and generous feelings. But what about these los' diamonds you were thinking of? I'm all impatience to learn the details, especially as seeing our acquaintance has been of long standing, and this is the first time I've heard you even mention the matter."

"For the best of all reasons, Percy—a man doesn't care to be laughed at for a greenhorn. The fact is, no Englishman likes to be done; and when he *is*, prefers keeping his grievance to himself, rather than be laughed at for a "flat," or get that kind of milk-and-water sympathy which is as disgusting as it is insincere. However, I'll unbosom myself for once; and if you *do* elect to call me blockhead, I can't help it.

"You remember the time of the Crimea war? Of course you do, though. Well, at that time I held a tolerably long lease of my old shop in Barbican. And Barbican, as you know, used to be, whatever it is now, not the least important street in London town. Ah, the gold and silver refining trade *then* was in the zenith of its prosperity; at that time you could buy cheap and sell dear; besides, the profit accruing from ready-made jewelry and precious stones was not by any means meagre. I did not, it is true, keep much of a show in the window; but my customers knew that I had a rare and valuable stock in drawers inside, and that was enough alike for me and them.

"Well, my lad, as I have before said, it was the time of the Crimean war. It was about, as near as I can remember, eleven o'clock in the morning of a bitterly cold day in December—a Tuesday—when either the slush or the piercing biting cold, or the leaden ominous sky that loomed overhead and threatened a snowstorm, kept people who had money by their fireside, or in bed: indeed few people of any kind were abroad, and all things outside were as gruesome and dispiriting as they well could be. I had drawn near my counting-house fire, and was looking into the glowing coals, my thoughts very far away from Barbican, E. C. My imagination wandered to the seat of war, where such terrible privation and blood-freezing cold and acute suffering—rendered all the more so by shocking mismanagement—encompassed our poor brave fellows round about; and just as a deep sigh came from my lips, my shop-door opened and there entered a fine, tall, handsome-looking gentleman, who, by his dress and bearing, was evidently a clergyman. At least I thought so at the time, as would anybody else,

for that matter. His attire was of the best material and make, and scrupulously neat; and his neck-band was as white as driven snow. Moreover, gold-rimmed spectacles and heavy seals depending from his watch-fob, gave him not only a highly respectable appearance but stamped him as wealthy withal. That's to say, I thought so. Well, up he marched to my counter with tolerably long strides, removed his hat (of the first quality), and placed it upon my counter (his well-arranged silver-hair became him immensely), and gave me a 'good morning' and a smile which was incalculably pleasing and good to see. This man is a Christian: goodness and gentleness beam on every feature, I mentally told myself. I put on my very best manner and politely asked him his pleasure.

"I have been recommended to you, sir" (he mentioned a firm with which I dealt largely in the way of bar-silver). "I am given to understand," he continued, "that you have a varied and very valuable selection of ladies' diamond ornaments."

"I signified that such was really the case.

"Well," he proceeded, "I am somewhat anxious, sir, to see and examine some of your possessions. The fact is, my daughter—my only daughter, sir, a pure, sweet-tempered child—is on the eve of marriage, and I (naturally, you will say) am desirous of giving her a substantial wedding-present. Very good. Mind! I want nothing gaudy; nor—pardon me, Mr. Filby—nor do I desire any artfully contrived specimen of the jeweler's art of deception. I want something solid and substantial—articles that look what they literally are—and I do not mind how high I go as to price."

"All this was fair and square, and above-board. Undoubtedly my prospective customer, though a clergyman, was moreover an excellent man of business, and one that wouldn't brook trifling. I made up my mind to acquiesce to his every wish—and charge him as long a price as I reasonably could.

"I placed before him several trays of gems of exquisite workmanship, upon which I looked with pride. I expected, I must own, that my customer would appear surprised, to say the least, at the dazzling array. Not so, however. And that's to put it mildly; for when I uncovered my goods and looked at him with a self-satisfied look on my face, there was a look on *his* which bore a semblance of indifference, not to say disdain. This nettled me somewhat; but on second thoughts I told myself that it was possible he, personally, did not care for the pomps and vanities of this world, though anxious to procure such commodities for his daughter.

"After careful examination, he selected a pair of diamond ear-rings (eighty pounds); a diamond bracelet (two hundred pounds); a butterfly brooch—one mass of glitter and dazzle—and a half-hoop diamond ring (the two, one hundred and fifty-two pounds ten shillings). A tolerably good morning's work, you will say. We shall see.

"Well! after I had fitted the trinkets to superior cases, and when I had packed them in as small a compass as I well could, the reverend gentleman felt in his pockets for the money wherewith to pay me. He drew forth from his breast-pocket a goodly-sized Russia-leather case, and tenderly singling out some bank-notes and a check, proceeded to settle for his purchase.

"The check is good; you will perceive—he began.

"My dear sir," I interrupted (the check was perfectly genuine, I was convinced, seeing that it bore the signature of the firm that had mentioned my name).

"I know what you would say, sir," he said, holding up his hand, while a look of extreme shrewdness covered his face; 'you would say that you have implicit faith in me. That is wrong—utterly wrong! As a business man, you

should be ever careful. It behoves us all to be so at times. Clearly, you know me not; and deception abounds. For instance, I may not be a clergyman at all. I may, in fine, be none other than a knave—a wolf in sheep's clothing.' Saying which, he laughed a laugh, which, somehow or other, seemed to grate upon my ear.

"However, he proceeded to pay me the amount due, as I have said.

"Let me see," he continued musingly; "it will be in all, four—three—two—ten. Good! If you will kindly look over these, Mr. Filby, you will find there is threepence short of the required sum, which I will pay you in copper coin immediately." He removed his spectacles, and pushed over to me three one hundred pound Bank of England notes, ten five pound-notes, and the check spoken of, which was for eighty-three pounds nine and ninepence. Satisfied that the notes were genuine, I looked up at my wealthy customer and found him fumbling in pocket after pocket for the copper money.

"My dear sir!" I exclaimed, "pray don't bother about the trifling pence. If you are satisfied, I am thoroughly so."

"Nay," he rejoined; "that will not do. Business is business. You are entitled to your demand—ay, and to the uttermost farthing. I buy goods of you for a certain amount; I therefore must pay you every iota of that certain amount, or I shall not be easy in my mind."

"A clearly upright man this; lucky the congregation that had so just and evenly balanced a man for their pastor. So ran my thoughts as he counted out the remaining threepence and placed them in my hand with a kind of dig, as though he were glad to get rid of them, and set his mind at ease.

"Then there ensued an awkward pause, awkward because, for the life of me, I could not think of anything to say; and as for my reverend customer, he seemed in all but a brown-study. At any rate he seemed by no means in a hurry to take his purchase and be gone—appeared, indeed, to wish to linger awhile, seemingly for no earthly purpose, seeing that our transaction was at an end, and that he seemed not to care to talk. Presently he again took out his pocket-book, counted over six or seven five-pound notes, and became absorbed in casting up some figures; that done, he began fiddling with some leaves, turning them over and over, and then back again.

"By way of turning my attention to other matters, I took up the *Times*; but before scanning its pages I chanced to look towards my shop-door, and saw a tall heavily-built man peering through the glass. He was somewhat curious to look upon, I must confess; for the snow that had been threatening, was fiercely and rapidly descending outside, and this man was covered with the white feathery flakes from head to foot. On seeing my gaze steadily fixed at him, he pushed open the door and entered with a firm tread. He had a kind of eagle-eye, this man—eager, sidelong, piercing; thoughtful brows too; and there was huge determination about the lower part of his face. Shaking the snow from off his coat, stamping his feet upon my shop-carpet (which I thought a rather cool proceeding), and unfastening the lappets of his sealskin traveling-cap, he gave a deep-drawn grunt of relief, and exclaimed in a bluff boisterous manner: 'In time after all! My bird's not flown, by all that's palpable!—Congratulate thyself, thou man of gold and silver and precious stones; and, furthermore, congratulate me on my aptitude for scenting "Slippery Dick"!' Then, letting fall his voice, he added more seriously: 'You've had a narrow escape, sir. I've no doubt now, that our reverend friend here has contrived to lessen your stock of goods pretty considerably—has been a pretended (mark that!) purchaser to a very tidy tune!'

"If you mean sir, whoever you may be, that this gentleman has paid a good deal of money to me," I returned, somewhat indignantly, "you are right in your conjecture. But may I ask, pray, who are you, that you enter my shop in this manner, and insult myself and customer by asking such—well, such impudent questions?... Who are you?" I again asked, feeling that I should be compelled to call my showman to turn him neck and crop into the street.

"You'll very soon know who I am," he returned coolly. "Suffice it at present that I am fully justified in what I ask and do... Bear—kindly bear with me a little. I have a stern duty to perform. This man is not what he pretends to be. He is a blackleg—a canting humbug—a swindler: in a word as dangerous and troublesome a customer as we have to deal with!"

"I looked at my customer. His face was terrible to look upon; I could scarcely believe my eyes—the passion concentrated in his features was absolutely demoniac in its intensity; the ebullition of rage which held possession of him shook him from head to foot.

"The boisterous stranger laid his hand heavily on the clergyman's shoulder, grasped it roughly, and whispered something in his ear, at which his passion left him as quickly and suddenly as a flash of lightning. He became, in fact, as pale as death, and finally culminated in trembling violently, while his face assumed a kind of brick-dust hue.

"I did not put this down to guilt; no, I laid it rather to the just indignation that would be naturally felt by a high-souled minister of the Gospel accused of such enormities.

"The rough-and-ready intruder regarded the reverend gentleman with unfeigned admiration, at least so it appeared to me. He folded his arms across his broad chest and stood regarding him for a few moments. Then he looked at me and winked knowingly.

"Our Christian friend is clever, oho! He is doing the work of a certain Evil personage who shall be nameless, very admirably, aha!" he ejaculated, reverting again to his boisterous manner. "But we old birds are not to be caught; we are accustomed to this kind of thing. O dear, yes, I—your very obedient servant, Mr. Filby, belong to the fancy iron trade, and I do my utmost to get as much of my stock on other people's hands as I possibly can." Saying which, he unbuttoned and threw open his shaggy overcoat, and laid bare to my gaze the uniform of an inspector of police. Then, as quick as thought, he drew forth and fastened on the clergyman's wrists a pair of handcuffs!

"This is shocking—really horrible," I couldn't help saying.

"No sentiment, please," returned the inspector angrily. "Leave me to do my work, and take care you do yours."

"But my good friend," the man of the white neckcloth exclaimed in whining tones, "you are utterly mistaken. I like—I in fine have nought but admiration for your zeal; but I am not the man you suppose me to be.... If you will remove these things—they hurt my wrists—I will go"—

"No; you won't."

"I mean I will go into the details of our transaction.... The notes are good, genuine, sir?"

"Perfectly so," I responded; "I would stake my life on their soundness."

"Then, sir, permit a public servant to tell you that you will lose your life. Kindly let me look at these sound and genuine Bank of England notes."

"What could I do but hand them to him?

"Ah! as I thought!" he then exclaimed.

"Very skilful, very clever; decidedly so! Pity

our pious friend here doesn't contrive to turn his thoughts in another direction; sad that he disdains to use his talents more honorably. Given such consummate cleverness, he might have surmounted almost anything by honest means.... These, sir, are rascally forgeries; splendidly worked out, I'll admit, but forgeries for all that!" he declared emphatically, laying the notes down on my counter and placing his elbow on them. "Now, I shouldn't wonder," he resumed, "if our reverend specimen of humanity here did not persuade you that he desired to make his daughter—his daughter a wedding present?"

"I said that such was really the fact.

"Ah, just so! The old, old game; the old story.... I wonder, Dick ('Slippery Dick' is the name by which he is known among us and his companions)—I wonder, Dick, you don't alter your *modus operandi*—it's so stupidly stale, you know."

"Dick" looked daggers, looked as though he would have very much liked to annihilate the inspector on the spot, and retorted in language not at all befitting a clergyman: "You're very clever, ain't you, now? Pah! I could 'do' fifty like you.... It doesn't matter much though. You've trapped me nicely. What more d'ye want?.... Look sharp, and let us go!"

"From this kind of talk, I began to think him none other than what the inspector affirmed him to be—especially so when the man in office whipped off the silvery locks from his prisoner's head and disclosed to my wondering gaze a closely cropped iron-gray head of hair beneath.

"I should hope you don't want further proof?" the inspector interrogated triumphantly.

"I replied that I was satisfied. That I had been singled out for a victim, I now felt certain. In short, my dear boy, I was completely taken aback, and fell into the whole scheme."

"The whole scheme!" I exclaimed; "how? I scarcely understand."

"Don't interrupt. You shall hear directly: my melancholy story is fast drawing to a close.... Well, I looked from one to the other with perplexity on my face.

"What are you thinking of doing, Mr. Inspector?" I asked.

"Why, take this predatory individual—this pike among gudgeons—to the station (they'll have no mercy on him *this* time); and you must accompany us thither.... I'll take care of these bits of paper; as in like manner I'll be the safe custodian of the artfully contrived wedding-present." Saying which, he deposited the notes, the check, and the diamonds in the breast-pocket of his overcoat.

"There was no help for it; of course I must go to the station. So calling my assistant from the back-room, I instructed him to get a cab and look after business during my absence. Of course I did not tell him the errand I was bound on; and as luck would have it, he appeared not to notice that anything was wrong. It would, I must confess, have been difficult for Thomas, my then shopman, to have seen the handcuffed wrists of the pious-looking gentleman; for, to his credit be it said, the trapped fox had contrived to fasten the bottom buttons of his unusually long-tailed frock-coat, and placing his hands beneath, had thus managed to keep the iron bracelets out of sight. Still, there was a decidedly awkward appearance about him, and the heavily-limbed inspector certainly did not by his attitude and manner at all resemble a man bent on buying my wares or selling me his; however, Thomas seemed oblivious to what was taking place under his very nose, and hied him for a cab.

"The cab brought, the two entered first, while I remained behind for a few moments to

give instructions to my shopman. Then I got inside the cab, and we started for Moor Lane Police Station, Fore Street. I hadn't been seated long before I found that the prisoner's hands were free.

"That's all right," the inspector said, noting my look of surprise. "He's promised me to behave himself; and between ourselves, I don't like to iron a man if I can get him to give in quietly. Besides, our designing friend, with all his cunning, knows who he's got to deal with—that I am more than a match for him. Don't you fear, sir; he won't easily slip through my fingers!"

"Well, at length we arrived at the station-house. I was the first to alight from the cab, and was about to enter the station. The inspector, still seated with his prisoner, called to me with evident annoyance: "There's no light in the superintendent's room; we'll have to wait a little. However, there's no help for it. You go into that room there, the first door on the right; you'll find newspapers and records there. Amuse yourself. I'll cage my bird—put him under lock-and-key (safe bind, safe bind, you know), and then I'll come to you. I'll be here in a few minutes. If I remain away any length of time, ask for Inspector John Tricklet.... Pray do not mention our business to any living soul."

"Like a fool and the unsuspecting jackass I was, I did as I was bid. I turned the handle of the door, and entered the room, a square dreary apartment, possessed of nothing to speak of save a huge deal table, four spindle-legged chairs, a map of London, and an almanac; and excepting a framed engraving representing a life-boat making slow progress over a boiling sea, the walls were bare of pictures. In my then state of mind the place seemed horribly monotonous. However, I took up the only newspaper the room boasted of, and seated myself to wait for the end.

"It speedily came. I hadn't been seated long before I heard the cab drive away. 'Ah,' I said to myself, 'the man in blue's too economical to let "cabby" wait; I suppose I shall be detained here some time. Was there ever anything so disagreeable!'

"Fifteen minutes passed. During that time I fidgeted about. There is no disguising the matter; I was terribly perturbed. The most idiotic thoughts passed through my brain. 'What if,' I found myself asking, 'this sham clergyman should eventually prove my destruction? What if, after serving his punishment, he should out of revenge come to my shop and blow out my brains? What'— But I thought all manner of things which I won't bother you with. Suffice it that another fifteen minutes passed. I rose from my seat; but before I could move a yard towards the door, it opened, and a fine-looking old gentlemen—evidently the superintendent—stood before me. We were soon on good terms; I gave him my name and explained my advent, and explained why I was cooped up in what he called his 'Private Inquiry Office.' He seemed, when I had finished, to labor hard to keep down a laugh.

"Well," he said at length, "you've been done nicely! But you have this consolation, that others have been bit—and to a pretty tidy tune too. You say you are waiting for 'Inspector John Tricklet.' There's no such party of that name connected with this station. They've carried on a similar game, varied a little, very successfully in all the large towns in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, to say nothing about what they've done abroad.... Tricklet! Ah, a very apt name! The game's been contrived by a trick—and he—they have let you in the hole.... You mustn't suppose me a Job's-comforter when I say that dozens have been swindled by these two clever vultures. They are nothing else; they prey on their kind

as best they may. But this is poor talk, Mr. Filby. Let me assure you, to be serious, that all that can be done shall be done. But what can we do? What can Scotland Yard do? They can only issue a caution to tradesmen generally and put the matter in the *Hue and Cry*, which probably won't amount to much. And between you and me, Mr. Filby, I've repeatedly thought (and very seriously too) that they've got some of our fellows in their pay; I could all but swear it; for were it not so, I am confident they'd have been taken long ago."

"Heartily disgusted, I bade him a surly good-day, and hied me for my shop and counting-house fire. Its genial blaze, however, cheered me not. I was dispirited and chagrined, and possessed of a deep-rooted idea that my hitherto clear brain had gotten a superabundance of mud in it. I felt that I could tear my hair and beat my breast and yell out that I was profoundly miserable.

"But why dwell upon the matter. The story is told. Suffice it then, for your behoof, that I never heard more of these two very original swindlers, and that therefore I got not the slightest return for my loss. I have hitherto, as I have previously told you, kept the matter a profound secret, so that sympathy even has not fallen to my share. There! I'm heartily sick of the whole business. Call me a consummate donkey, if you like, but don't let me hear another word about the matter.... Ah! how the time has flown! Let us pull ourselves together, and go indoors and join the ladies."

—Chambers's Journal.



Puck's Exchanges.

HUMPHREY HUBBARD had heard Hephzibah Higgins humming hymns hilariously, he having helped Hephzibah homeward. Humphrey hankered hugely, harboring handsome Hephzibah heartwise. He had high hawthorn hedges hiding handsome house, harnessed horses hauling harrows, he hoeing hills, helping herdsmen, hewing hemlocks, hacking hemp, harvesting hops, hunting hawks, hurting hatching hens. Hephzibah, helpful housekeeper, hemmed handkerchiefs, hoarded honey hitherto hived, heeled hose having holes, handled harpsichord harmoniously; happy Hephzibah? Her honest homely happiness hit Humphrey heavily. He hovered, handsomely habited, hinting humbly how Hephzibah had harried his heart. Hephzibah honored his hearty homage. Hating, however, haphazard haste, Hephzibah hung her head, halting, hemming, hawing, hoping Humphrey had harmless habits, hypocritical, hesitating Hephzibah! He held her hand hopefully, hungrily humorizing her. Happily, Hephzibah heeded her hirsute hero. Hymen hitched Humphrey Hubbard-Hephzibah Higgins, he hugging her, happily hysterical. Henceforth husband helped housewife hop hornpipes, holding honeymoon holiday, hardly hearing harlequins howling hallelujahs, hailing house-warming. Ha! ha! Ho! ho!—*Phila. Bulletin.*

ROTATION in office is best. Certain clerks of the water works department of Philadelphia have been robbing the city for ten years. Ten months is long enough to keep a clerk who plays poker, or who shows signs of excessive piety.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

LINES TO WEBB C. HAYES,
On his approaching Nuptials, by his Friend and Preceptor, W. K. R—rs.

The fairest flower,
The rose, the pink, the peony, the fragrant
hollyhock,
The gentle crocus, Aaron's rod, or four o'clock:
Go pull it, Webb, and in that tender hour
That calls thee eager to thy lady's bower,
Bear it along and let it chastely kiss
The alabaster nostrils of thy Western "Miss";
And, while she breathes the perfume, let
her see
And read these lines, inscribed by me to thee.
By me
To thee!
And to thy bride, respectfully:

O happy day, forsooth,
That brought about this rare coincidence
Of youth and blameless innocence:
Of innocence and youth!
In her
The thirteen Graces all their charms combine;
And may I add, O sir,
The seven Muses' rarest gifts are thine?
I know the blushing diffidence that hides
From vulgar eyes thy deep poetic soul,
And better, it may be, than all the world
besides,
I know the music of thy fancy's restless roll,
Thy genius, Webb, the proper moment
bides;
In secret now thy passions flow and ebb—
They'll burst anon, O Webb!

Mild, call they thee?
They little dream that like a lion in his lair
Lurks the strong spirit that can do and dare
Beneath thy modesty!
Have they forgotten the brave Webb who stood
Alone, heroic, at the tiller of the Grant,
And whose bold breast the angry, tossing flood
Could sicken, but not daunt?
As at that tiller
Thou stoodst through six long hours of peril,
calm,
So may Miss Miller
Find safe reliance in thy slender, nervy arm;
And as thy wife
Be steered through life
Beyond the reach of harm.
O blessed day, in truth,
That consummates this rare coincidence
Of youth and manly innocence,
Of innocence and youth!
Webb C.,
To thee,
And to thy lovely She, my most respectful
compliments.

—N. Y. Sun.

THE CANTELOPE.

Its firm and fragrant rind along each fold
Of grayish green reveals a stripe of gold;
And when the knife is cleaving through the
seam
The fibre gently yields like frozen cream;
Then from the pores the lucent nectar wells
As freshest honey from its broken cells.
There is no fruit that can completely cope
In luscious sweetness with the cantelope;
If ripe, by these few hints you'll quickly con it;
And as for dressing—you want nothing on it.
—G. W. Elliot in Graphic.

PUCK presents a picture of James Gordon Bennett astride of his favorite nag, and calls him "Our Standing Candidate" for Mayor. How can he be a standing candidate when he is sitting?—Norristown Herald.

THE common dough requires yeast to make it rise, but it is different with the tornado.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

MR. PULLMAN says that if he can "with the Angell stand" he will proceed to Sheriff-him.—*Awful Phila. Bulletin*.

We respectfully call Kearney's attention to that bloated class, the registers in bankruptcy.—*New Haven Register*.

THE New York *Herald's* Russian correspondent has returned. He came via the Adirondacks and the Hudson river.—*Boston Post*.

KEARNEY is to stump speakers what the yellow-covered novel is to the works of Shakspere and Sir Walter Scott.—*Norristown Herald*.

DELAWARE can ship 700,000 baskets of peaches this year and have plenty left at home. They were all killed last spring, you know.—*Detroit Free Press*.

HIP-POCKETS are a comparatively modern invention.—*Ind. News*. Wrong again. Hippockets were invented by Hippocrates.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

EDMUND YATES loves a cat, which eats at a table with its master. This is the only dark stain on the cat's otherwise irreproachable character.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

IT did us lots of good, one day up in Minnesota, to watch a young man hick at a tree an hour and a half, carving his name, and then spell it wrong.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

INSTEAD of standing up and swearing to a straight story, Bishop McKosky fled to Europe, and there is no possibility that he will be invited to lecture at \$200 a night.—*New Haven Register*.

FOR the information of the general public we wish to state that Dennis Kearney bought this whole country when he first landed, and has carried it on his back ever since.—*Detroit Free Press*.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was first in war, first in peace, but even in his day there were lots of Americans who would never let him be first at a free-lunch counter.—*Philadelphia Kronikle-Herald*.

IT is a mark of liberality to see a man put a ten-cent piece in the money-box of a street-car for his five-cent fare, and he shouldn't kick up a fuss about change and destroy the good opinion formed by the passengers.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"ARE grapes healthy?" asks an exchange. As a fruit, opinions differ. George Washington, Christopher Columbus, Noah, Napoleon the First, and Mary, Queen of Scots, ate grapes, and they are all dead now.—Draw your own conclusions.—*Norristown Herald*.

OLIVE LOGAN says that man existed over 600,000 years ago. And she tells the truth. We conversed with a man the other day who was born just about that many years ago. He said the National-Greenback-Labor party would carry the State this fall.—*Nor. Herald*.

"WHY does lightning so rarely strike twice in the same place?" Professor Wortman asked the new boy in the class in natural philosophy. "Huh," said the new boy, "it never needs to." And it is a little singular that nobody had thought of that reason before.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

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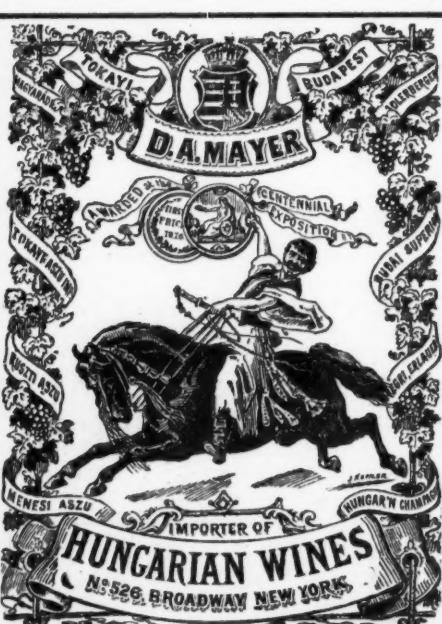
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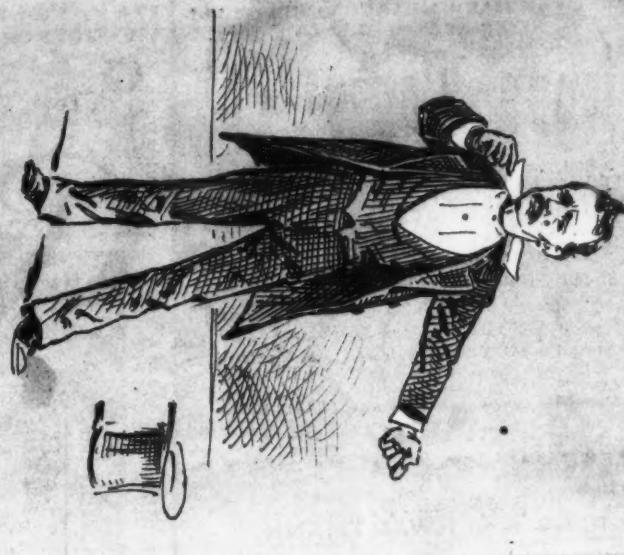
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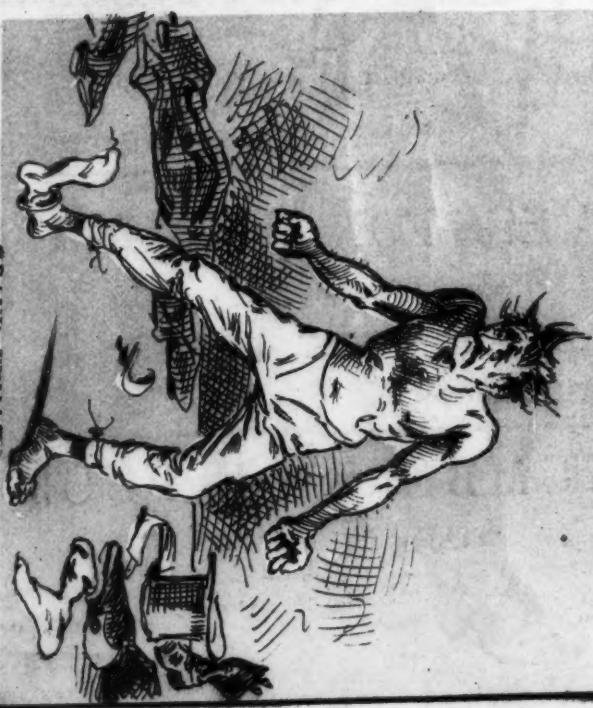
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"I propose to hurl vituperation like thunderbolts!"



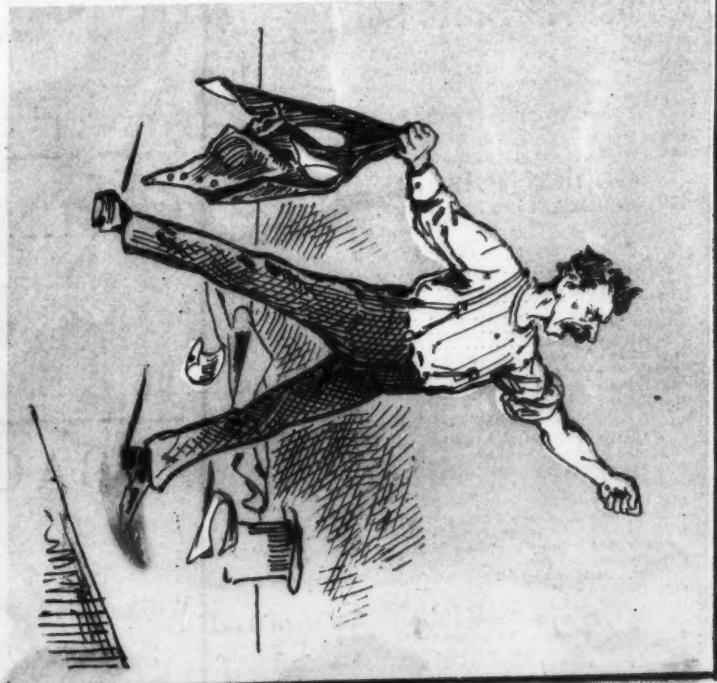
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